

BEVERLY DIANE PARKER

Autobiography

I was the fourth child in a family of nine children. I had two sisters and one brother when I was born. We lived in Burbank, California. I was born in the neighboring city of Glendale. Daddy had his own candy and popcorn business in Burbank for about 25 years. We moved to Provo and Orem, Utah in September 1969 and since that time Daddy's candy business (Don Parker's Fine Candies) has grown well, especially his health candy business. He delivers candy to about 200 stores in Utah, Idaho and California. This candy business was an important part of our family's life as almost everything revolved around it. We worked together as a family all through the years. This working together and having so many brothers and sisters made us a close family. We used to have special statements about our family such as "we're such a close family" and "there's never a dull moment." I enjoyed my childhood and accepted things as they were for the most part without wondering or asking why things were as they were. I think one of the most important things my parents gave to their children was a good self-image. We received compliments many, many times. My parents were good to us and treated us well. We were disciplined many times and were loved and held on Daddy's knee many, many times. I remember both. Daddy often said something like "You're a good kid, aren't you." I am sure that it was because of my parents' attitudes that I was able to do well in school and not have identity or self-image problems as so many children seem to have. I know that we children all loved our parents and wanted to please them.

We used to say all the names of the children in our family and see who could say them the fastest: Judy, Jenny, Donnie, Beverly, Barbara, Kenny, Leahmary, David, Millie. Judy, Jenny, Donnie, Beverly and Barbara were in the "First Platoon." Kenny, Leahmary, David and Millie were in the "Second Platoon." The "First Platoon" shared their childhood mostly with each other and were half grown up by the time the "Second Platoon" came along. Another ritual we had was at bedtime. We always kissed our parents good-night and said, "Good night, sweet dreams, rest well, I love you." I used to say to Daddy or Mother, "I hope you feel better in the morning if you don't feel well now." Daddy would say, "Good-night little Missy Mentholatum," because I usually put mentholatum on my lips so they wouldn't be dry.

We lived at 827 North Lincoln Street, Burbank, until I was in second grade. I remember well our home, our back yard and our "very back yard." To me the yard seemed very large, although I imagine now that it probably wasn't as large as it seemed to a small child. The back yard was separated from the very back yard with a wooden

3

fence and gate. We had two apricot trees in the very back yard. We always felt like our very back yard was special. We used to make mud pies, which I really enjoyed. We had bushes around the perimeter of our back yard with black berries, so sometimes we even had berry mud pies. I remember playing Hide and Seek, Mother May I? and Red Light, Green Light in our front yard and in the neighborhood. There was a tree on the parkway that was always home base in Hide and Seek.

We had real nice neighbors on our north, Jo and Bill Bissett. Their house was set back far on their lot so they had a very large front yard. We liked to play there and I remember Bill washing their dog in a metal tub bucket in the front yard several times. My older sisters sometimes babysat Jo and Bill's two daughters (both younger than I). My brother and sisters and I always wanted to make a clubhouse in the back yard. I think we did once make one out of large cardboard boxes.

I remember a couple of bad dreams I had when very young that seemed to bother me for a long time. Particularly there was the famous "curly toes" dream. My older brother and sisters still remember it. I dreamed that tall men grew up in the flower bed along the north side of our house, right next to the house. Their feet curled up at the toes like Aladdin's slippers. For some reason this dream really scared me. From time to time throughout my

4 life I

have dreamed that my loved ones and I were escaping from Communists or some similar opposition. These dreams have also bothered me.

At one time Daddy had two candy stores. One was up on Glenoaks Blvd., right next to an open fish market. I remember well the smell of the fish. Mother sometimes bought fish there. The real memorable store, however, was the one in Magnolia Park. On one side of the store was a paint

store and on the other was a cleaners. We sometimes snuck up on the roof of the cleaners, which was really fun. We used to watch a machine shake up the gallon cans of paint at the paint store. Donnie and I used to go to this paint store (Pomeroy's) from time to time and have "hat" toast. The man and lady that ran the store would make toast from round bread. It was a great treat we liked. Donnie and I used to hide in a little cubby hole in the front of the store while we watched Daddy make caramel corn. He made it right in front of the window. We would hide whenever a customer came. Daddy had a poem by Edgar A. Guest, "Good Business," in a frame on the wall. An artist had drawn a small illustration here and there between the words of the poem. I guess Daddy taught Donnie and me the poem. I still know it; it's always been special to me and the other kids. Sometime when I was a young teenager a man came in the store (on Victory Blvd.) and asked about the poem because he had seen it on the wall before. The glass in

5

the frame had broken and it was down from the wall to be repaired. Somehow that man talked me out of the precious poem, saying he wanted to get it copied and he would give us an extra copy of it. I guess I thought it would be nice to have another copy of it and I trusted him completely, apparently. I can't imagine having let him have it. Of course, we never saw it again. I felt really badly about it.

There was a place on the wall at the Magnolia store where us kids used to measure our height. Daddy had a wooden back scratcher that he hung on the wall. Ever since it broke some years later I've wished I could find one for him; it was such a nicely carved one. /;-'.' - , .

We had a couple of old popcorn poppers in the back of the store and I remember well playing in them, pretending we were popping corn, and just opening and closing the lid or pushing buttons. The mechanical devices seemed so fun. As I watch my 22-month-old son Kenny now enjoying playing / like he's driving the car, playing with the various knobs, .I think I know just how he feels. Daddy had a candy truck

, '*-

that he drove up and down the streets pedaling our goods. It was parked sometimes in the driveway of our house on

^ • .^' Lincoln. Donnie and I played in it a couple times. One

^ ' \;:' .

' time Donnie was in the driver's seat and the truck started backing out the driveway. I guess Daddy came out of the house in time to avoid our having an accident.

6 One

time I fell out of a tree at a lady's house where my mother was visiting. I bit my tongue and made a little hole in it. Later, at mealtime, I thought tuna sandwiches or cottage cheese would be terrible to eat because little pieces of the food would get in that hole.

My mother tells me I quit sucking my thumb when a small girl after burning it on a candied apple. Every February the elementary school PTAs in Burbank had a big candied apple sale at the schools. We made hundreds of candied apples. Of course, all family members helped. I had been in a playpen while Mother helped with the apples. I got so tired and was crying for so long they let me out and the first thing I did was grab a hot candied apple. I guess by the time my hand healed I didn't want to suck my thumb anymore.

I remember helping Daddy put new tar paper on the roof over our back bedroom on Lincoln Street. I've always felt proud of Daddy and felt he could do any kind of building or repair work. One time when we were living on University Avenue in Provo Daddy was telling me about some ideas he would like to incorporate in building a house. I said, "You mean you could really build a whole house?" I was amazed and thought that was fantastic.

I used to bear my testimony in Jr. Sunday School. They had a little brown square microphone they passed around. I remember crying one Sunday when I got a new teacher. I don't know if it was a new teacher or my very

7 first

teacher when I was three. Sister Ruth Bench was my new teacher. She held me and tried to comfort me. I shouldn't have been afraid; she was very nice and is the only teacher I remember from my early years.

Our ward building in Burbank (136 North Sunset Canyon Road) was remodeled from an old country club. It was set up on a hill with no houses very close. I always thought that's how churches should be and was glad it wasn't just in a neighborhood right next to houses. There was a lot of land around it. It was our stake center until I was about 14 when we built a new stake center in North Hollywood. As the stake grew more and more of the land was turned into parking lots. There was a large grass field that formed a little hill that we used to play tag on after Primary which later became a parking lot. I always loved our building and enjoyed exploring it. When my father was a seventy he showed me a little closet where seventies materials were kept. It seemed like there was always a mysterious place somewhere in that large building that I hadn't explored yet. That meetinghouse seems to have meant a great deal in my growing up. Whenever I have the chance to return to Burbank I like to go see our old church.

I attended Thomas A. Edison and William McKinley Elementary Schools. I attended Edison from kindergarten until January of second grade. My kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Myers, said at the beginning of the year that we would live I have dreamed that my loved ones and I were escaping from Communists or some similar opposition. These dreams have also bothered me.

At one time Daddy had two candy stores. One was up on Glenoaks Blvd., right next to an open fish market. I remember well the smell of the fish. Mother sometimes bought fish there. The real memorable store, however, was the one in Magnolia Park. On one side of the store was a paint store and on the other was a cleaners. We sometimes snuck up on the roof of the cleaners, which was really fun. We used to watch a machine shake up the gallon cans of paint at the paint store. Donnie and I used to go to this paint store (Pomeroy's) from time to time and have "hat" toast. The man and lady that ran the store would make toast from round bread. It was a great treat we liked. Donnie and I used to hide in a little cubby hole in the front of the store while we watched Daddy make caramel corn. He made it right in front of the window. We would hide whenever a customer came. Daddy had a poem by Edgar A. Guest, "Good Business," in a frame on the wall. An artist had drawn a small illustration here and there between the words of the poem. I guess Daddy taught Donnie and me the poem. I still know it; it's always been special to me and the other kids. Sometime when I was a young teenager a man came in the store (on Victory Blvd.) and asked about the poem because he had seen it on the wall before. The glass in plant a garden outside our class and that at the end of the year we would be able to have a nice green salad. I especially remember her saying we'd plant radishes. We never did that and I always wondered why. I thought it would be really fun. During rest period we would lay on wooden boards. At the end of the rest period the teacher would call our names one at a time and we could go put our board away and sit on the rug for the next part of class. One time I didn't hear her call my name and waited and waited. Finally I was the last one on the board and was really embarrassed and wondered what to do. I was afraid to move without her saying it was alright. I guess she finally told me to get up. I've always remembered that occasion and how it bothered me.

I sang "Away in the Manger" on the stage at Edison School when I was in first grade. I wore a pink corduroy dress with a zipper in the front. I think it must have been a program for the other first grade classes. I got to be Mary one time in the nativity scene at Christmas time in Burbank Ward, too. I thought that was really special.

I used to like to pick flowers on the way home from school for Mother. I didn't know if I should take them from people's yards, but if the flowers were growing through the fence I hoped it would be alright. I remember I picking California poppies which still really like and little purple pansies.

In first grade I could write my name in cursive. Mrs. Fortune was my teacher. She had been Judy's and Jenny's teacher too and she said if I was anything like them she'd really like to have me in her class. She was very nice to me and I always tried to be good, so if I ever was called down I was extremely embarrassed. One day as I sat in the reading circle I turned and waved at a poor forlorn boy who had to stay out of the circle or whatever else was going on because he had been misbehaving. I think he probably misbehaved often. I felt real sorry for him sitting all alone. Mrs. Fortune asked me if I wanted to go and sit with him or if I was going to pay attention. I was really embarrassed.

I remember running home from school to get hot homemade whole wheat bread with honey on it on days Mother was baking bread. It tasted so good. Mother used to make homemade noodles and various vegetable juices too. She made cabbage, beet, and celery juices, but mostly carrot juice. I liked the carrot juice.

One day Judy, Jenny, Donnie and I had great fun for hours with what we called "Solution." It was Rain Drops or some similar product used in the laundry that we mixed in water. It made a blue solution. I guess we played like we were scientists or something. It always seemed like one of the most fun things we did. It seems like when something was fun one day we would always want to do it again,
10 but it wasn't always as fun at succeeding- times.

We used to eat in a long room that was an addition to the back of the house. There were French doors that opened into that room. I always loved those doors. At one time Daddy bought a six foot long table from the old San Fernando Stake Center I think. We used that table for years. As our family grew it was just right for us. I remember eating at that table, in the back playroom. Daddy occasionally sent one of us outside if we were goofing off during mealtime until we were ready to act like a lady or gentleman. We had Brother Leishman over to dinner a number of times. He was a widower.

It must have been in second grade that I skinned my knee badly on the playground. I think I got gravel in it and it seemed like it never came out. I was really good on the rings and felt badly when I went to McKinley and they never used the rings. I think they had a ring set, but the rings were chained up. (A ring set was a very large set of equipment on the playground, in the sandbox usually, where you would swing from ring to ring around the outside. You had to have pretty strong arms to continue to hold yourself up. I remember having callouses on my hands all the time from the rings and other outside equipment.)

In January of my second grade year we moved to 710 South Victory Blvd. in Burbank. There was a large factory there that we could use for the candy making with a house connected in the back. This involved our family in the candy business more than ever. I then went to McKinley Elementary School. I got asthma not long after we moved I guess and was out of school for most of a month or two. I was quite sick and sometimes would wake up in the night gasping for breath. My mother was always there to give me some medicine and take care of me. I sure appreciated her. I always had a real special feeling for Mother, a feeling deep inside that I couldn't describe. My class at the new school was studying phonics. We had never studied this at Edison and at first I didn't know what was going on. I think I caught on pretty fast, though, and soon was doing well. I think the phonics study laid a good foundation for me in languages. I used to take a little concoction of lemon juice (freshly squeezed) and honey to school to sip whenever I felt like I would cough or gag. It was rather awkward, however, to do this without being noticed. I remember trying to sip it while bending down forward in my chair, somehow trying to hide behind my little desk. Of course I couldn't really hide while sitting and it was pretty hard to drink, or sip, with my head bending down. Hee hee

I never had asthma again as bad as this time. I always had allergies though: sniffing all the time when I was a child and having to carry around a Kleenex tissue wherever I went. I had bronchitis once when I was around 10-13. We took a vacation to Utah one summer and when I came back we arrived in Los Angeles at the bus depot. The smog was really bad and I got asthma again, so I figured it was from the change of good air in Utah to the smoggy air in Los Angeles. My allergies haven't seemed to be as bad lately.

In second grade, before we moved, my school class was standing around outside and looking in the sky. They thought they saw a satellite or something. I couldn't see anything. They said it was like a bright pinpoint. I have wondered if I needed glasses as early as that. I never got glasses until just after sixth grade.

When I was little we used to go to the "crick" with our cousins Mickey and Mike and Auntie Bev (Mother's sister). Sometimes Auntie Bev would sway the car back and forth a little as she drove. We always thought that was fun and wanted her to do it, but she only did a couple times. She was always a lot of fun. We really had fun at the "cricks" and always wanted to go again. We must have only gone a few times and wanted to relive those moments again as years went by. We would wear our tennis shoes and play in the creeks whose floors were covered with rocks.

We went to the park as a family many times. We had several vacations at Big Bear. One time we stayed at Jo and Bill Bissett's cabin I think. We have some fun photos of these times. Whenever we went to the park we played baseball. When I was a teenager Daddy and Mother played horseshoes with Auntie Bev and Uncle Al at some of our picnics. We used to go to Griffith Park in Burbank quite often it seems like when I was little. We rode the merry-go-round and went to the nearby zoo. We also used to climb Mt. Hollywood once a year. I really enjoyed that.

One year on Barbara's birthday (October 4th) Barbara and I both had the flu. That's the only time in my life when I really thought maybe I would die. We were so awfully sick. I guess I was around 10 or so.

We had a large back yard on Victory Blvd. Daddy paved most of it and at one time we had three large (van-type) candy trucks and two ice cream trucks which we parked there in the back. Auntie Bobbee (Mother's other sister) and other hired people helped drive the trucks. Mother and Judy and Jenny drove them, too. Judy and Jenny both got their driver's licenses a little before their 16th birthday I think so they could start driving the trucks. I missed out on that and never got my first driver's license until I was about 17. It wasn't that important to me, actually. In some ways Judy and Jenny were more mature than I was at that age. Of course, I had other interests and we didn't have the trucks then, either. I used to go up and down the streets with Judy in the summer time. Our theme song on the music box was "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Of course we had every note memorized and got quite sick of that song, hearing it over and over again all day long. People would always ask if I was Judy's daughter. I was only six years younger than she. We had a tradition of the "one thing": we could have one goody during the day from the truck—an ice cream, candy, popcorn, or soda pop. We probably usually chose the ice cream. We sold ice cream

novelties and soda pop in bottles, as well as candy we would package up and seal in the store, and various pop-

corn products.

One thing that really used to get me was when little kids would come up and say, "How much are your nickel popsicles?" We had all the various flavors of soda pop and popsicles memorized and could really run through them. Donnie was running through the long list of soda pop flavors just a month or so ago. Some of these old memorized lists have become a permanent part of our conscious brains. We really had a lot of good times. Probably the biggest reason for that was Daddy's happy-go-lucky attitude and the optimism we all grew up with.

On summer nights we would park the trucks at the Little League Baseball games at various parks in Burbank. We usually made a lot of money there. There was real good attendance at the games. I think the games really fizzled out, though, a few years later. Lowell, our sort of adopted brother, drove the trucks when he got out of the Navy. Lowell lived with my parents from the time he was 17. He was orphaned when a small boy and had stayed at Mother's house for a time before she was married. His father and Mother's mother had sung opera together. One summer Lowell had a cast on his leg from a toboggan accident at BYU. Daddy made him a "clutch crutch" which he worked with his hand so he could drive the truck. After the

Little League games everyone would come home, count up the
A.

money and see who was low or high "man on the totem pole." Lowell used to sit around on the front room rug and tell all kinds of jokes. We all sure loved him.

When I was in my teens we had only one truck I think. Daddy fixed it up to sell hamburgers, hot dogs, hot chocolate, etc. We would go on Saturday nights to the Quarter Midget Races where young boys would race small motor cars. I guess we did pretty well money-wise from the Races too. Hamburgers were 35<? and hot dogs were 25^. They were sure good. We always bought the best hamburger and made and froze the patties ahead of time. Many times all of us in the family have wanted hamburgers like those were. People at the Races used to call me "Smiley." That's what) Daddy was called when he was younger, too. Mother must have gone to the Races sometimes when Daddy couldn't, because I remember one night when it was prayers that got the truck started before we could come home. That was often the case with the trucks. They did run on prayers.

I may not have driven the candy trucks, but I did start waiting on customers when I was in fifth grade and Jenny didn't start until she was in seventh grade. I stood on a little ledge underneath the showcases and held on to the glass top to wait on customers. Some of these things seem ludicrous now, but they really happened.

In fourth grade I started taking violin lessons from Mr. Brady at McKinley. He would teach us as a group once a week. Donnie had taken violin lessons for a time at

school and I think that's why I started except I remember two things that probably influenced my desire to play the violin: once when we were little (I was younger than 6 or 7) we had a toy plastic violin. It was white and black. I remember seeing it only once but I loved it and always wanted to have one, probably in part because violins are so pretty. Another time, when I was 8 or 10, there was a movie on television about a girl who played the violin. I think it was a very sad movie, but I remember the beautiful music she played twice in the show. It was very touching and emotional. The kind of violin music I have always loved is the very emotional kind, rather than the technical-sounding "show off" type. I played in the little McKinley orchestra, the Jordan Junior High orchestra, the Burroughs High School orchestra, the Burbank Youth Symphony for two or three years and the BYU Concert Orchestra for one semester.

When I was in sixth grade I was a helper each morning to Mrs. Kelleher and her kindergarten class. It was in connection with some program the school was trying. I just remember that I went for about a half hour or something and taught the kindergarten children songs. Auntie Bev gave me a little puppet clown that I used to help teach songs. At the end of the year Mrs. Kelleher gave me a bracelet which I still have.

I went to David Starr Jordan Junior High School. My favorite teachers were Mr. Kramer and Mr. Bugh. Mr. Bugh was everybody's favorite teacher. He was fun, knowledgeable in his subject (science) and seemed to understand the kids and care about them. One morning before school I went to his classroom with one of my Mormon girlfriends and started crying about how irreverent the kids were in seminary. Mr. Bugh was real nice and said crying was a "woman's prerogative," which I've always remembered. Judging from my experience since that time I was probably very tired and maybe depressed about a number of things and the seminary situation was just the last straw that ticked off the crying. I had crying spells off and on through the years. I never understood why. The first one was when I was around ten years old. I would cry hard, though quietly, and get a real sob in my chest. I hated those times, yet I seemed to really need to cry. It wasn't until I married my wonderful Steve that I started understanding this problem and seeing (as he helped explain to me) that these times came as a result of unmet needs. As I have understood myself better and have received the attention and affection and understanding that I need I don't have these crying spells anymore. I still cry during spiritual experiences, and when I am tired I cry easily, but I don't get so depressed as I used to.

I never enjoyed science classes in school particularly

18 well,
especially science projects. My science projects always seemed so stupid while other students' were very well done and very clever. I really loved my science research class with Mr. Bugh, though. I think Donnie took it before I did. My Science 9 class in ninth grade with Mr. Bugh was very good, too. I really enjoyed it. We learned about 90-100 elements from the periodic chart with their atomic weights and numbers. We learned about electrons, protons and neutrons and other things that would prepare us well and lay a good foundation for further chemistry classes in high school and college. I am sure it was because Mr. Bugh was such a good teacher that I enjoyed this and learned that science was interesting. In science research we performed quite a few experiments on our own. I have saved all my experiment write-ups and cherish them as absolutely the most important school papers I ever did. My English essays I consider second. I got grades on my science research experiments such as B-----,

A++++, A-----, etc. I learned a great deal from these experiments. We had to write each experiment up according to the scientific method, I think. Some of the experiments were very hard. One time Mr. Bugh had me type up a paper for him in triplicate (using carbons). I've wondered if that was to make me feel important or because he really needed it done by me. I typed pretty well, I guess, but I had only had a couple of semesters of typing by then I think.

19 I had a dream

when I was around 10-14 about playing the piano. I went into a classroom at Church (Burbank Ward) and sat down at a piano and started playing beautiful music. I knew exactly what my fingers were doing and I heard every note. I was very impressed by this dream. I would like to dream that again. It was an indication to me that I must have had some training in music in the pre-earth life. I had, even before this dream, been teaching myself to play the piano by playing the Church hymns on our old player piano that Mother and Daddy had bought when we lived on Lincoln Street. I learned the treble clef when I learned the violin in fourth grade and I taught myself the bass clef with the "All Cows Eat Grass" and "Good Boys Do Fine Always" method. Jenny was taking piano lessons from Eugene, an accompanist for Grandma, for a time and I looked at her books. I think if I really knew how to play the piano I could put feeling and emotion into it without being so inhibited as I am in acting, dancing or even singing. After our family moved to Provo in 1969 and I had been working for Seminaries and Institutes for a year or so I bought a Baldwin piano from Wakefield's Music in Provo. Daddy helped me pick it out and we thought we got a good deal. I was to pay the BYU Credit Union \$36 a month for three years. This was something I had looked forward to for a very long time and was one of the few material things I brought into our marriage. When I

got married and took the piano the younger kids really missed it. I took piano lessons from Lyn Gillum (my favorite accompanist for singing) for less than a year.

Mother's Days were always exciting to us kids since Mother always got the corsage at Sunday School for having the most children. I guess she got tired of it, or embarrassed about it, but I thought it was good and she deserved it. On Easter we usually found a few candy eggs or coconut haystacks with bunnies in them around the living room. We often got pretty hair ribbons, too. One Easter Daddy made a special-order cream filling Easter egg for a customer. I think it weighed twenty pounds. We took a picture of Millie sitting by it because they were about the same size. It must have been the first Easter after Millie was born when she was about nine months old. Another time a customer ordered a large popcorn man that looked like a snowman. When they picked it up they sat it on the passenger seat of their car and as they drove away from the store we all thought it looked pretty cute sitting there and wondered what others might think as they drove by. Daddy often made special-order large cinnamon suckers for various events. He made special flavors of popcorn balls for certain times, such as licorice and orange ones for Halloween. We made the candied apples that were used in the movie "Mary Poppins" by Walt Disney and a special red carmel apple that was

used in a Jerry Lewis movie about a "geisha boy." In recent years we've made special carmel suckers with money or messages hid around the stick in the center of the sucker. We also have made special Easter eggs for the family with messages hidden in vitamin capsules inside the cream filling.

I always enjoyed Christmas times. I guess we didn't have as many special traditions as we should have had, but we had one big tradition: work like mad until late Christmas eve. (Christmas was the very best time of year for selling chocolates and we always had a lot of business.) On Christmas mornings we always had to line up according to age, the oldest ones first, and enter the front room in that order. We always wanted to "see each other's faces." That was another tradition we have kept. For any special event we would have to wait until everyone was together so we could "see the face" of the one being honored or surprised.

I got my patriarchal blessing when I was 15. Donnie and I went the same day to Patriarch Robert Duke. He had been a bishop years before and was pretty old when we got our blessings. Mother took us. His hands were shaky and I remember how they felt on my head. He forgot to tell me my lineage the first time and Donnie, I think, reminded him afterwards, so he opened the prayer again and told me I came from the loins of Ephraim. Patriarch Duke seemed to

be very impressed as he talked to us after the blessings and he said to me several times, "Don't settle for anything less." That's all I remember. I don't know if he was more specific or said anything less than what.

One of my best friends through junior high and high school was Joan O'Connor. We had a lot of classes together and I had her come to MIA with me a couple of times. One time I went with her to a youth meeting at the house of the minister of her church (Presbyterian, I think). Joan was a foreign exchange student to Turkey one summer in high school. Her mother had been president of the PTA and was quite a socialite lady; her father, an Englishman, was an artist for Disney studios. He also had done some artwork for BYU's Motion Picture Studio and Judge Whitaker. He was a good artist and had a studio at their house. They had plenty of money and had a nice home which has been remodeled to be very modern in just the last ten years since Joan and John (her brother) have been out of high school. I think Joan turned out to be quite a socialite too, although I haven't seen her since high school. I got my picture in the paper a couple of times because of

Joan and her mother. One time was when we went to Burbank Bowl Night at the Hollywood/and another was when we TPd (toilet papered) the house where Pierre, a foreign exchange student from Brussels, was living.

I had a few violin lessons starting in seventh grade from Miss Kettering at Jordan Junior High, early in the mornings before school. I think she was a student teacher or something. I learned a little from her and learned that I was doing some things incorrectly. I think I had lessons only for a short time from her. In high school I gained a scholarship for \$50 worth of private lessons on the violin. I took from Frederick Clint in Burbank and after the \$50 ran out Daddy let me continue with the lessons. I must have had lessons throughout the rest of high school.

I was in ninth grade when Lola Adams and Marguerite Smith took me to Tinka Smith's (Marguerite's daughter) voice teacher to sing for her. Sister Adams and Sister Smith wanted to sponsor me and pay for my voice lessons. Mother wrote to Grandma in Logan and told her about it. Grandma warned against having an incompetent person in charge of my voice. (Years later I learned that Grandma had thought that it was the young girl taking lessons that was going to teach me.) So we told those ladies we weren't interested or something. I was fairly passive about it I guess, as usual, but it did kind of make me feel badly. Those ladies must've thought we were just too proud to accept their offer. I've thought about it many times and don't know if it was for the best or not. I'm glad I was able to have voice lessons from Grandma for a couple years and improve

voice as much as I did. I wish I could have studied with her more, but we really didn't have time to go every week to Orem after we were married.

In about ninth grade my friend Ray Sobel, who belonged to the Burbank Youth Symphony, told me I ought to get in it. Although I didn't really play very well I did get in and learned a great deal about music through this experience. Dr. Leo Arnaud (ar-no) was the conductor. He was a Frenchman with a heavy accent; he smoked a pipe and always smelled like tobacco. He drove a Rolls Royce. I learned very much about music from him. He really knew music and could sightread anything using solfege (do, re, mi syllables). He sometimes spoke of American oddities as he saw them compared with how Europeans do things. The European made much more sense to him (i.e., Americans test to see if it's raining by holding their palm up and Europeans hold their palm down, since the back of the hand is more sensitive). We met for symphony rehearsals every Saturday morning. I think the orchestra petered out after a couple years so there weren't very many kids coming anymore. It was then that we spent more time talking about music.

Dr. Arnaud also conducted the Burbank Symphony. It was real good as I remember. Darryl May and I went to one of their concerts where they played Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." It was the first time I had ever heard that

and I was so very impressed by it. I could see beautiful gardens and feel a real peaceful feeling all the way through it. In the Burbank Youth Symphony we played for an early-morning Easter sunrise service a few times at the Starlight Bowl in Burbank. It was cold those early mornings and my fingers sure felt stiff as I tried to play. (The Starlight Bowl was an outside theater similar to the Hollywood Bowl.) I always appreciated Ray Sobel (and his and Tom Nixon's mother who usually provided transportation) for the many things I learned from these experiences.

I started attending stake dances in ninth grade. I didn't dance very much except when the married men asked me to dance. I liked that better anyway because they knew how to do the swing and other "real" dances, instead of just fast dancing ("stomp"). This is where I learned to dance, mostly. I also took a Latin American dance class later at BYU.

I sang in quartet festivals in Burbank Stake several times. The first quartet was with Margaret Green, DeAnn Gledhill and DeAnn Adams. We made matching green skirts and bought blue and white flowery blouses. We sang "Night and Day" and "The Object of My Affection." We did pretty well. Another time I sang with Cheryl Sherwood, Mayben DeGraw and another fellow. We sang "The Green Leaves of Summer" and "The Lord's Prayer." I practiced all one Saturday at Burroughs High School for the regional quartet festival finale. We sang "Oklahoma."

I was in ninth or tenth grade when our ward basketball team (girls) won the regional championships. I think we won all four of our first games and didn't have to play any more games. I got a medal for winning that said YWMIA on it. It was real pretty and I got a chain for it and wore it like a necklace. I was really proud of it.

Before tenth grade I took a sewing and a health class at Burroughs in summer school. It seems like I always wanted to pack in as much learning as I could. In previous years I had taken sewing and orchestra in summer school at Burbank High. Mother had to take me to nursery school before I was five and could start kindergarten because I wanted to go to school so badly like Judy, Jenny and Donnie did.

My "first true love" was Darryl May when I was in tenth grade. I have wonderful memories of him. He and I had many good talks together and had a mutual respect for each other. He was 18 and I was 16. Darryl was in our ward. His sister Becky was my age and I really liked her. Becky and I worked together at Empire Enterprises putting tape on the back of glow-in-the-dark telephone dials the summer after tenth grade. I also liked Andy Senyei, a friend from school, a lot in tenth grade and again in twelfth grade. He was another real good friend. I've always been grateful for the good friends I've had and the growth I experienced through their friendships. I

often had good talks with my friends, which of course made us grow closer. I went to the graduation party at Disney-land with Darryl when he graduated from Burbank High. He went to Ricks that fall and at the end of the summer our family went on a trip to Utah and Idaho, including Rexburg, since that's where Daddy's father lived. I didn't tell Darryl we were coming and when he saw me standing on the front porch of his aunt's house where he was living he was really surprised and fell down on his knees. It was a good reaction. I spent most of that day and that evening with him and really felt close to him. I think it was February of that school year when he went on his mission to New York. I can see my immaturity now, but I really felt kind of sad and thought I would miss him so much. Bishop Carl King drove Darryl, Becky and their mother to the Los Angeles airport when Darryl left to go to Salt Lake City and they asked me to come too. As Darryl left to get on the plane Bishop King said, "Aren't you going to kiss him?" I was glad he broke the ice because I wanted to kiss him good-bye but felt funny and Darryl must have thought he wasn't allowed to. I felt really sad all day and didn't go to school, just thinking of him. The very next Sunday there was a new fellow in our Sunday School class—Joe Kent. He was in the Air Force at Vandenburg Air Force Base in Santa Maria, California. He took a quick liking to me, I guess. He called me

"Sunny," because he liked my disposition. He turned out to be a very close friend as the next few years went by. I thought the people in our ward must've thought I didn't really like Darryl after all, because Joe was very affectionate and would have his arm around me all the time and sit real close. As things went Darryl didn't write very much and after awhile I didn't either. Maybe Becky told him about Joe, I don't know. Anyway the feelings for Darryl left. I saw him in Provo awhile after his mission when we lived in Provo and he was attending BYU for a time. We had a nice talk one day. He had a girlfriend in California I think. I haven't heard anything of him since then. Becky worked with me for the Seminaries and Institutes at BYU Stadium for awhile and then I lost track of her.

Joe Kent was a real good person; my appreciation for him really grew more after we were no longer dating and he had another girlfriend. He took me to the Junior Prom at Burroughs High. I was 17 and he was 21. I thought that was kind of exciting. At first I thought he was too "grown up" for me because of his age, but it was fun dating a more mature person. We went for rides in his dune buggy, although we never did go to the sand dunes which I thought would've been fun. One summer day we went for a ride to the beach. We took a long route and went on a mountain road in one place. We looked down into a valley just as

the sun was getting low. I'll always remember that storybook scene. All we could hear was a lone dog barking down in the valley. The sun seemed to shine just on this storybook scene.

In tenth grade our high school put on the operetta "Flower Drum Song," and in twelfth grade "Call Me Madam." They had done "Call Me Madam" when Judy was attending Burroughs, too. I was in the orchestra for both of these operettas and really enjoyed them. I had several good friends in the orchestra including Frances Almon and Dale Silviria who both played the flute and Ray Sobel who played the trumpet. I always played the violin in school because it was my only chance to play, so I didn't have time in school to take any chorus classes. All my singing experiences were through ward functions. Sometime in high school there was a talent show; I tried out so that everyone would know that I could sing. I was going to sing "The Sound of Music," which probably would have been fine, but my friend Rob Bowers talked me into singing something more "up-to-date" like "Try to Remember." I didn't know the song very well and had no emotional attachment to it. During the tryout I forgot the words and did an awful job. I was very embarrassed. Of course I didn't get into the assembly because I didn't do well in the tryout. During gym class one day one girl a year older than I said, "I didn't know you could sing so well."

30 That made me feel a little better.

After eleventh grade I got to go to Salt Lake City for the All-Church Dance Festival. I was in the all-girls number. We did a dance to the "Syncopated Clock." This was really fun. I liked Kent Barton at the time. I always loved President Keith Barton, a counselor in our stake presidency. When I was twelve I found out he had a son my age when he was called on to speak at stake conference. I immediately thought he would be a fantastic boyfriend. I thought he was showing an interest in me during that summer before we went to the dance festival and I was really, really excited. We sat by each other on the bus all the way to Salt Lake City and then the second day in Salt Lake, when we went to Lagoon, he suddenly started ignoring me and never seemed to care for me again. I was really broken up about it. We had dated before then. We had gone to a stake dance together; he had taken me to his sacrament meeting and then his house one Sunday; we had had a picnic and played tennis one Saturday. At that picnic he carved our initials on a tree in Stough Park (up by the Starlight Bowl). I thought that was romantic. We drove by Burroughs one time and he said we'd go to football games and everything together. When he suddenly showed no interest in me I was very surprised and bewildered. I got my hair cut the day before we went to Salt Lake and I wondered if that made a difference. It took me a while to get over him because I thought he would be such a wonderful person (mostly because of his dad, I think).

graduated from high school I was really glad to get out. I had always enjoyed school, but through eleventh and twelfth grades I started getting tired of it. Frances Almon and her friend Diane and I didn't have dates for the Senior Prom so we arranged to go overnight to the beach and stay at Frances' relative's house. I got the worst sunburn of my life and almost passed out from it. Mother and I sprayed it with vinegar after I got home. I had chills from the sunburn and when it started to peel it just came off in sheets. After we graduated a group of us (Ray, Andy, Dale Silviria, Cecilia Hiavaty, Caria Laporchio and others) got together once a week for a party for a few weeks. One time we went for a ride and couldn't think of anything exciting to do so we went to a parking lot of a grocery store and gathered all the carts and put them away in the store. I had pretty good friends who didn't seem inclined to do destructive things, of which I was glad. Frances and her friend wanted to play a trick on our twelfth grade English teacher whom we didn't like, however. I'm not sure if they ever did or not. They were going to put soap all over his lawn and then corn flakes on top of that, so that when he squirted off the corn flakes he would have a worse mess. I thought it was a great idea for him, although I wouldn't participate in it. He was what I call pseudo-intellectual and had a low set of values I always thought. I didn't like or respect him at all.

very excited to go to BYU after high school. I worked that summer at Lytton, later Equitable, Savings and Loan Association. I was a secretary/assistant to Arline Creed, Dana Creed's mother. (Dana was in our ward and her mother always took us to school after early-morning seminary, even though she wasn't LDS.) Arline was the associate public relations director of the Savings and Loan; she had been a newspaper reporter before that, I think. After the change-over to Equitable Savings and Loan, with a new president, they let me stay for the rest of the summer as an assistant to the president's secretary. The office was located on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood. I liked Bill Klappanbach who worked in the building as a mailboy. He was always smiling and making jokes. We went to lunch one time together and I kept bumping into him as we walked along. I always seem to do that; I guess I just have an inclination for closeness to people. Anyway I said, "I'm sorry I keep bumping into you." He said, "That's okay. Just play like I'm on the other side."

I really had a fun time my freshman year at BYU. I was really silly many times I guess, especially in our apartment life, but I had fun and had some real good friends. Walt Berry was a close friend; I dated him a lot. He used to say he was always embarrassed around me because I would sing as we walked along campus together, but he really liked me. We had fun together and saw each other a few times after his mission. He supposedly had another

girlfriend, but they fought alot, and many times he would come see me on the way home from being with her.

I had several close friends in my BYU ward: Bob Dunn, Kerry Miller, Don Fowler and Darrell Webber. We sang in the quartet festival once and called ourselves "Four Hoots and a Nanny." We sang "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." I went to dances with Darrell Webber; he was a fine dancer and always made me feel like quite a lady. He gave me a long stemmed rose for one of the dances, and during the course of the evening he said, "You really are a long stemmed rose," or something meaning I was a lady. I really appreciated that. He had another girlfriend too, I think, but I still got to go out with him a few times. I liked Brent Wallace the second semester of my freshman year, especially when I thought he started liking me. We did things together since he was in our ward. He actually asked me out on a date about twice. He was very shy, but real cute and fun. I thought I was in love with him and after his mission he asked me out and revived in me all the former feelings I had had for him, but apparently he wasn't really interested.

I lived in Apt. 246, Young Hall, Heritage Halls. Terri Hodgkinson and Debbie Birch lived in the apartment next to us. We really had some fun times. We were in French Chorale together. We sang at the French Language Training Mission several times for sacrament meeting. These were very spiritual experiences for me; I loved the

Spirit and feeling in the LTM. Good old Clifford Barnes from Glendale, California was our conductor. We even did a little play or something one time in the Joseph Smith building auditorium.

Terri and Debbie and I really got silly sometimes. We would do little acts in our kitchen and then bow before the window while somebody opened and closed the curtains. There was a big tree outside the window and I used to kid about the "man in the tree" watching us. I loved the many sunsets over Utah Lake I used to watch through that window.

Gigi Doty from Studio City, California (in Burbank Stake) was my roommate in Young Hall. We had become

friends when we hiked in the High Sierras with the

. / • . ;', < ») ••' » :f/ j/j/

Campcrafters the summer after eleventh grade, (vie backpacked

. ' • i-'f

fe%T about, three days. Gigi and I got along pretty well;

she and I were sort of different but at least we both

understood the same jokes. Her father was a doctor and

ji..'? ^,f-'^f had

delivered Leahmary.

The summer after my freshman year Mother and the

kids except for Jenny and Barbara (who were both married)

' < - '* stayed in Logan with Grandma.' ' One time while I was ironing

I felt really good about the idea of moving to Utah. The candy business wasn't doing anything anyway. Daddy had been doing deliveries for Rocket Messenger service and wasn't even making candy. I many times seemed to have inspirations

35 while ironing. I decided I would work and not go to school for awhile if we moved to Provo. We moved that fall and were able to live in the nice duplex Judy just moved out of at 680 North 7th East in Provo. Daddy soon found a house at 410 North University where we could live in the basement and have a shop and store upstairs. We really suffered in a way, as far as food goes, for awhile. We ate a lot of wheat. Auntie Bev used to send letters with cute jokes and cartoons about wheat and wheat treats. We managed, though, and I have many good memories of the time we lived there. I did get thin at that time. We had a couple of memorable family talent shows there, one

of which we have on film. It was there that I first heard

Grandpa (Daddy's father) sing. I don't remember hearing him sing before that time and I never knew that he sang

so much all his life. He had a nice tenor voice.

I worked for Seminaries and Institutes in the Typing Services department starting in September 1969. We were located at BYU Lower Campus on University Avenue for about a week after I started, then we moved to the BYU Stadium where we had offices under the west bleachers. In November and December 1972 our offices moved to the 8th and 9th floor of the new Church Office Building in Salt Lake City. From the time we got married in July 1972 until the time of this move I lived in Salt Lake and commuted to Provo. In Typing Services we prepared for printing the materials that were used throughout the world for the seminaries and

institutes of the Church. I was really happy to have a job doing this kind of work. I worked with many, many fine people through the next seven years. One of the nicest and best friends, with whom I had many fine talks, was Thomas L. Tyier (Tom). I took some classes at BYU at night and one semester was able to arrange to take two daytime classes and finish my eight hours of work at night. These were very busy times for me. I was also busy with M Men and Gleaners in our stake. We had a lot of fun parties and activities. I especially remember a hobo dinner by the railroad tracks, a hayride and a box lunch auction, along with many fine Sunday night meetings. During a daytime French class I met Mike Luker. I really liked him. We dated for a while. I had just had a permanent one day and that night we walked up to campus to a play. It was pouring rain. Mike had an umbrella, but he was much taller than I and by the time we got to campus I guess my hair looked pretty bad and frizzy.

While we lived at 410 North University we went to Provo 4th Ward. We really loved it. I sang in the ward often. Lila Hatch used to ask me to sing at Relief Society quite a bit. I would get off work (take my lunch hour) for the time to sing. I sang duets with Vera Bagley and in a trio with two older ladies. I sang at a couple funerals. I started taking voice lessons from Grandma ,, ' sometime around then. I had taken from two different ladies at BYU, but didn't improve much I don't think till

started with Grandma. I started taking lessons from her as soon as she moved to Orem from Logan. I learned from Grandma about relaxing my throat and breathing and diction. The most important thing was relaxing completely. Grandma had such a beautiful feeling in interpreting sacred songs. I think this was one of the things that wore off on me the most. She would try to get the feeling the composer was aiming for when he wrote the song. In the songs that were about Jesus she would put just the right feeling to show His mercy, His graciousness, kindness, strength. I wish so much I could have heard Grandma sing when she was younger. She still sings so well, but doesn't sing very much because she thinks she's too old. I do remember her singing us to sleep when I was very little with songs like "Fly away, fly away merry balloon," and "Come a hoop, come a hoop, come a hi-o." I remember the deep, warm tone of her voice vaguely. I am forever grateful for the experience of having lessons from Grandma, both for the vocal training and for getting to know her and her experiences better.

- I went to a BYU ward that met at BYU Lower Campus while we still lived at 410 North University. I was the social relations teacher in Relief Society and later the Homemaking Counselor. I was in charge of a special Saturday morning meeting for the girls that took a lot of planning and involved a fashion show of bridal dresses and

talk by Richard L. Anderson of BYU's religion department, but I missed it in order to attend a Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus rehearsal. We used to meet as a Relief Society board every week. I enjoyed working with those sisters. Janet Schoen was the Relief Society president when I was a counselor. She really was concerned about all the sisters in our ward.

I had tried out for Mormon Youth Chorus when it first started in December 1968. I tried out at the Institute building on the University of Utah campus for Jay E. Welch the day I flew down home to Burbank to help with the Christmas candy rush. We had a store in the "beautiful downtown Burbank mall" at that time. I didn't get into Mormon Youth at that time. I tried out again and got in in February 1971, just before a concert. I had to learn the music fast. We sang "The Marshes of Glynn" by Sidney Lanier with music by Jay Welch. I really loved Mormon Youth and had wonderful experiences in it. Of course the most wonderful was meeting my Steve. I had heard a couple girls in our car pool (we went to Salt Lake City for rehearsals every Saturday morning) talk about Steve Chapman and how funny and friendly he was. I was 21 and thinking it was about time to get married. I thought maybe if I got to know Steve it would help me to get to know other fellows in Mormon Youth. I first met him the summer of 1971 at a rehearsal. He was sitting in front of me and I straightened his collar. He doesn't remember

time. I heard him play his recorder after rehearsals sometimes while I was waiting for our ear pool so we could go home. The next time I had much to do with him was at the Christmas dance in Salt Lake City. I was supposed to go help in the kitchen that night for my former roommate's wedding reception (Rita Palmieri Elkins), but called and got excused so that I could go to the dance. We had chili and hot chocolate at the dance. I had danced with some other fellow and was walking out the door with him to go make a phone call when Steve came walking in late after work. He brought chili for the refreshments. I spent the rest of the night with him. I had fun with him. He danced well, but mostly he acted a little funny, doing pirouettes all the time. He did have a facade that I was able to see through as time went on. I think few people had seen through it. As I saw the real Steve I grew to love him more and more. He had such wonderful qualities that I appreciated and admired. I had never before thought of fellows as being sexy, although I always admired masculinity, but at this Christmas dance the way Steve sat and crossed his legs one time really seemed sexy. I thought that was interesting. He kind of hugged me as he helped me with my coat that night. During the course of the evening he took me and Lorinda Becker to the organ in the chapel of the church where the party was and played his song "Last Leaves," for us. Lorinda didn't really even listen

I was impressed with how beautiful and melancholy it was. It appealed to me and my kind of feelings very much.

Things moved fairly rapidly for us after that Christmas dance. Steve indicated that something special was going to happen around Valentine's Day because he kept asking me if I would be at rehearsal that Saturday. I took a small box of chocolates in case he gave me something. He took me to his car after rehearsal and presented me with a BEAUTIFUL valentine. I always dreamed of lacy, homemade valentines, but never had one until then. It was so neat. He had spent hours and hours on it. It was a little valentine story in book form with lace doilies and conversation hearts and paper hearts all over it. I had it on display at the Seminaries and Institutes Typing Services department for several days. It was real big--about 1x1^{1/2} feet. I remember vividly Steve's reaction to my appreciation for the valentine. He always after that had the same kind of reaction. You could tell he was so pleased to have made me happy and to be really appreciated. I don't think he had been appreciated and built up so much before, but it was natural for me to do and completely sincere. When we had a concert around Easter time Steve brought me a tissue bunny he had made and a pink carnation. He has always loved to do special things to make people happy and since we have been married he has done many special, time-consuming things for me and for our friends.

see each other only at Mormon Youth rehearsals once a week. When I was with him I thought I loved him so much, but as the week wore on I would think I loved him less and less. Then when I would see him, after about a half minute, that love feeling would be there totally. It was really hard to see each other so seldom and I wished we could be like normal people and go on dates together. Sometime between Valentine's Day and Easter or so as I sat in the car returning to Provo from a Mormon Youth rehearsal I thought, "Gee, I LOVE him." I didn't know when the turning point had come but I knew I felt like I hadn't felt before. I spent several weekends at Steve's parents' house. Steve and I would always go for rides after Mormon Youth to find the best gasoline prices. These rides were real special. After we were first married I thought this was so time consuming, but actually they were good times to be together and have talks and just enjoy each other. We like to go for rides as a family now and I've been thinking lately this is one of the fun things we do together. One time Steve said, "Do you love me for what I am now or for what I may become?" I thought that was very profound and very important. As I thought about it I decided that I had faith in the kind of person he was to the point that I knew whatever he became would be good and would be acceptable to me. Another time as we were driving he smiled and I noticed that he had the cutest profile. Some-

times now he smiles that certain kind of smile and it just really makes me excited. He has a very pleasing face and I sure do love him.

One night I was walking home from a history class at BYU and I heard a voice from across the street say, "Is that Bev Parker?" At first I wasn't sure if they wanted me. Finally I saw Steve walking across the street. He and Pat Fewell had come down to see me. He walked along with me toward my apartment and after a minute said, "Can I hold anything for you?" As I hesitated and said, "Well all I have is these two little folders," he said, "Like your hand?" I sure thought that was cute and of course was pleased to oblige. He talked to me for a little while at my apartment and hugged me when he left.

We got engaged on May 19, 1972 and got married July 12, 1972 in the Provo Temple. I always wished my family had known Steve better before we got married so they could love him as I did, but I've realized that nobody gets to know your spouse like you do. They don't see all the good and they don't see all the bad that you see. It's a combination of the many things you share together that makes you love that person so deeply. I wrote a lot of love letters to Steve during the time we were engaged. It was such a special time. I felt such love for him.

We lived in "Haven House," 181 West Haven Avenue, Salt Lake City for one and a half years. In December 1973

moved to 1457 South 900 East. Our first year was a time of adjustment and I improved immensely as a person I think. We learned how to get along and just what was expected of each other. Steve always said the first year would be the hardest and after it was over said he was glad it was over. I always felt, despite the adjustments we had, in fact, because of the adjustments and the closeness they brought, that we had a very special relationship, much better than other people's marriages. We had so many discussions in getting to know each other and understanding each other that we really drew close. We came to realize more and more how much alike we were, how much our interests and desires were the same. We have thought many times we would have really had fun in high school with each other as friends. Steve has the same qualities as the kind of fellows I admired then. One of the things I always liked was having talks and growing closer to a person. This is the neatest thing Steve and I have always done.

We had a pet sparrow at Haven House and for awhile after we moved to 9th East. Steve found him on the ground while inspecting swimming pools for the Salt Lake City and County Health Department (he started work there in June 1973). Chipper was very tiny and didn't even have all his feathers yet when Steve found him. Steve brought him home and made a little bed with torn up tissue in a bowl and fed him buttermilk and bread with tweezers. He was allowed

fly throughout the house later as he learned to fly. When he first was learning Steve would hold him over the bed and let him go. Steve gave his heart to Chipper completely and was nearly broken hearted when he died. At one time we actually took Chipper outside and tried to encourage him to fly away so he could have a normal life, but he was so tame that he would trust anything completely and we knew he wouldn't survive for long. He would land on our shoulders and would kiss Steve. He was very dear and had a sweet spirit. It was interesting that after he died several sparrows appeared in our house (came in through the furnace vent pipe when the weather started getting a little cool outside). I wondered if somehow Chipper had sent them to give us a little comfort in his absence.

We waited four years for our children and wanted them all the time. Steve gave me a blessing one time and told me I would have children and would be blessed in raising them and in having good health. He always said to trust in the Lord and be patient. It has been very interesting after being at that end of the spectrum to find myself having a baby every year for the past three years. We love our two children, Kenny and Bennie, very much and have a lot of fun with them. Our third baby is due in about three months and we are looking forward to having it, too. We play together a lot and really have fun. The children are growing rapidly it seems like. I can remember

Kenny was just a little baby and now he seems like a big boy. When I had Benjamin he seemed so small and fragile. I was used to one-year-old, 27-pound Kenny and to have a little nine pound baby was quite a change. Ben is just learning to walk now at 10½ months and is changing everyday, picking up new abilities and cute gestures and making funny faces. I remember when Kenny started making funny faces about that age. We have been outside a lot lately and really enjoying working in our yard and garden. We have five fruit trees, two hives of bees and a big garden. The reason we bought this house was for the nice yard, trees and good fence all around the yard. We have done a great deal of remodeling in the house, but it has taken a long time and still needs so much to make it nice. However, we are very grateful for this home and property and feel that the Lord brought us here. We love our ward and have many nice friends in it. We have good neighbors, too, in Steve and Vicki Shipp. We really like them.

Steve and I have started having morning devotional. Lately we have stayed up so late working and doing various projects that it has been hard to get up a 6:00 a.m., but we do read the scriptures most days. We finished the Book of Mormon and are reading the Old Testament now. We are in Exodus, reading about the plagues in Egypt.

I am planning to start piano lessons with Lorna Monson next month and hope I can manage and do well with that. I am taking an Elementary Education class now at BYU Salt

Center and hope to be able to graduate and get my teaching certificate within the next few years. I feel like this will be a great challenge, but that it will be very important and worthwhile to me and my family. Steve and I are very happy and enjoying each day. We seem to have a lot of challenges, one of the big ones being that everything we tackle seems to have hidden problems that come up and slow us down. We have found this in getting our garden going, developing a watering system, fixing up our house and so on. We are getting along well, though, and have started an investment project that we hope will be continually successful. We are writing a little book now about "Outdoor Games or What to Do When the Troops Come Home." We hope this will be successful as well. We know that we are going to need an extra income to have and do the good things we want to do. We would really like to serve the Lord on missions and help other missionaries and do various other good projects that we think of from time to time for the Lord and his children. Steve and I have been very happy with each other and getting along very well most times. We really love each other and seem to be so much alike in many special ways.

Grandpa Parker-isms (My dad Don Elden Parker Sr.:

"You're a good kid, aren't-cha?" "I don't know." "Well, I'm telling you, now do you know?"

Hot-sy ti tot-sy.

STATE OF THE FAMILY BANQUET 31
Dec 3001

WELCOME:

OPENING SONG: Hymn # 93 Prayer Of Thanksgiving

FAMILY AND DINNER PRAYER : Patriarch of the family. Bless each member of the family and bless the food.

DINNER IS SERVED:

STATE OF THE FAMILY ADDRESS: By the Patriarch of the Family

- **HOW IT ALL STARTED:** Sermons on the bed, decision made before we had children, a map of our future together. For four years we didn't have children. We wanted them, but we were having no success. We promised the LORD that if he would send us children we would raise them up in righteousness, at least that was our plan

SOME OF THE DECISIONS THAT WERE MADE: Little or no TV, take, NOT send, our children to church. Be reverent in church. Learn to work. Home School. Have Family prayer and Devotional daily. Reverence your mother. Learn to build and make things. Learn to garden and weed and to know the difference between a weed and a vegetable plant or flower. Have common family activity (building the house, performing group, etc.)

- **THE FAMILY GREW UP WITH VALUES**
- **WHERE ARE WE NOW:**

OUR OLDER CHILDREN: The three boys have all received their Eagle Scout, their Duty To God Award and have served honorable missions. My three girls have all received their YOUNG WOMANHOOD RECOGNITION, and Melissa is planning on serving a full-time mission. Melody has a solid testimony and is pursuing an education for significant purposes she may wish to share with us here tonight.

• Now, in just under a year and a half we have had 4 children married to wonderful spouses: Rebekah to Jared, Kenny to Wendy, Ben to Suzanne, and Joshua to Camille. We have one grand baby and two on the way. We're working with our three little boys and want to accomplish all the good we can with them and help them earn their Eagles. So that's where we are right now.

• WHERE ARE WE GOING? I wanted you to know we set up a road map and followed it the best we could. It has been exciting, it has been beautiful, it has been wonderful. It is the beginning of our celestial existence if we live so worthy. We admonish our children to set a road map for their families right now, *from* the beginning. The basic road map we have here has worked so far and we can say to Heavenly Father, as we toast to our family, WE'RE ALL HERE!!

So I toast to the whole family—may you have a long and fruitful life as you care for each other - your children, brothers, sisters and parents. May your lives be full of fine adventure. Your lives, I am sure will have its challenges too, but may you have the strength, courage, and faith to come out on top.

May your children be blessed with health and strength and that you will have normal healthy children)• every way and may you be prosperous and have the strength and power to do all that the Lord would have you do. I leave my blessing upon you.

Read Rebeckah and Jareds report or have Bev read it.

I turn the time over to you to toast who or what you may. At the close of this first annule family banquet, we will have a closing song and a Benediction.

CLOSING SONG: Mid Pleasures And Palaces, There Is
No Place Like Home BENEDICTION: My oldest son Ken
Chapman.